

Daily Eagle

W. M. NORDOCK, Editor.

Wichita's Signal Restoration.

Words nor figures are no longer needed to convince the business interests and property owners of Wichita that their city, having liquidated, is being securely and firmly restored to the status which invited, if it did not warrant the overdone boom of ten years ago. Bankruptcy as a result of a first failure never yet permanently doomed the capable man, but, upon the other hand, nine times out of ten, it accentuated his subsequent triumphs. (Wichita in going through bankruptcy, liquidated only by an immense sacrifice of slaughtered values. The penalty that was paid, the loss that has been sustained was by individuals. The things, call them advantages of location, prestige, or what not, those natural and acquired forces which originally signified the city's destiny, remained unimpaired until finally triumph was unquestionably, succeeded disaster. If restoration has been tedious and at times discouraging, the inevitable victory is none the less logical. It has come in the face of the resistance of strongly entrenched foes and in spite of the ill-concealed antagonism of the most potent force known to the state.

Wichita is the greatest city in Kansas today, greatest in all the essentials which constitute a commercial center. Here is the largest field, the broadest foundation, the surest footing. As the coming center of population, as the initial market for native products, as a jobbers' base and distributing point, this city stands unrivalled by any city in the state. Manufacturing and industrial supremacy is just as assured for the one thing upon the other. With these go the more consequential elements, the more important educational institutions. These we already have in ever increasing numbers and importance.

A general outside assent to these propositions is not expected. Such concession is in no wise essential. The fact remains, and it is those most immediately concerned, the people of Wichita themselves, who are the most confident, whose daily experiences and observations confirm the conviction. Whatever of distrust outsiders may feel, there is only confidence upon the part of those in whose hands the destinies of the city rest, upon the part of those who by the development and growth of the city and its business in growing richer and stronger, themselves individually, with every succeeding day, become the more potent factors in shaping the destiny so surely discerned.

A Wichita Boy Who Was There.

All the testimony given before the commissioners investigating the conduct of the war, as also a consensus of American opinion, point to the fact that the man behind the gun, whether aboard ship or in the trenches, was all right all the time. The misunderstandings, bickerings, charges and counter charges of inefficiency and failure, come from the shoulder-strapped crowd, the most of them from officers whose straps bear stars. A young man, not much more than a boy, a Mr. Scott, called at the Eagle office yesterday on the hunt of employment. When questioned, he said he had just been discharged from the First United States cavalry, in which he enlisted three years ago at Fort Riley. In that time he has fought Apache Indians in Arizona, scouted the mountains of Mexico and finally received his discharge in Montana last week. He has no home or relatives, he comes back to Kansas and to Wichita. When the war broke out his command was hurried from the far west to Tampa, thence to Key West, thence to San Diego. He was on San Juan hill and saw everything. A northwest Kansas boy, his chum, fell by a Maxim. When questioned further as to the lack of provisions, of medical attendance, etc., he replied that he had no complaint to make, nor as a rule did he hear many from the men who did the real fighting. For a while all he had to eat was hard tack, with very poor coffee, nothing else. When the beef, over which Egan and Miles are raising such a dust, arrived, he said some of it was too far gone from heat, it requiring too much time to get it from cold storage to the camp pot, but that was to be expected. He was carried to New York in the hospital ship, about which there has been so much criticism, but the criticism came from the officers, not from the men. As the Eagle has said, the victory at Santiago would have been won had there been no general within a thousand miles. The man behind the gun, together with the regimental and company officers, knew what they were there for, knew what to do and how to do it. The enemy was in front, in sight, and it was a case of charge and shoot and kill, and major generals were not in it, nor brigadiers, outside of Joe Wheeler, particularly conspicuous. There was no time in which to consider bad food, insufficient clothing, lack of medicine, defective shoes, want of shelter and black powder. There was patriotism, vigilance and activity, and that was all that was required. The American army may be deficient in the commissary department, as General Miles charges, and commanders may shoot too much with their mouths, as Egan avers, but the rank and file are all right, and whether properly fed and clothed or not, the American soldier boy has not his equal in the world.

Is the Man or Woman to Blame?

Who is responsible for the "new woman" for a condition of things in which women are crowding men out of a thousand bread-winning vocations? All things being equal, which would the average woman of today prefer, a business or a domestic life? Birch Arnold and others are seeking an answer to this query. It is not denied that domestic life is broadening and growing richer and easier. Then why the sight of streets full of women seeking their homes at close of day? Why the multiplying women's clubs in which hours and days are dawdled away after fads, follies and time-killing foolishness? "Give me liberty and equality or death," shrieks the club rhapsodist. "Give me work or I starve," moans the shop-slave and saleswoman. One demanding a chance to escape domesticity, the other dreading the incessant buffeting and grind to which all women who are forced beyond the portals of the home for sustenance and for the adornments of body demanded by the idle, are subjected. The question arises, is the man to blame, or is it woman herself? That there is a class of women that has accepted the role of the "new woman" under protest is probably un-

deniable, but it is not the club class. It is those whom the new conditions have forced to be bread-winners. To many of these it would be a joy, the realization of a dream, to be either the "sweet thing" of fashion, whose highest aspiration is the new stitch in embroidery, or to be the real domestic woman protected and provided for by a man equal to the demands of the world and successful. Some of these feel that man has failed of his duty, failed to occupy the place assigned him by God, therefore the present anomalous position of such a large and growing per cent of women; that men have lost their old-time courage, fearlessness and capability, their ancient chivalry towards the weaker sex, and that as woman is forced forward man will inevitably be forced backward, until he will become the weaker, the inferior. The chances are that for the conditions surrounding the woman of today man is responsible. Too many women of today are drolly inefficient, fad-degenerated and club devotees, or, upon the other hand, are masculine, aggressive, clamorous for notoriety and greedy. The level-headed, successful and self-contained man wants as little as possible of either. But among the constrained bread-winners there is a large contingent who long for a home and its duties, and with it the chivalrous care of a self-sufficient man. It is the exceptional woman, after all, that grows feverish in her longing for breeches, the exceptional woman who prefers the street to her home, and who loves her club more than she does the chances of motherhood and a baby.

The World Against a Lone Woman.

The fight over the late Queen of the Hawaiian Islands and her claim for some recognition if her many enforced sacrifices, has been a very one-sided affair. The entire press of the United States are wont to say sarcastic things of her personality, and to make light of her claims. The fact remains, however, that she is not only probably in the right as between man and God, but that she is the greatest individual factor so far as the inhabitants of the islands are concerned, today. The handful of Americans, led by Sanford Dole and his confederates, who overthrow hereditary rule and dethroned the queen, represented but two or three thousand out of fifty or sixty thousand. Sanford Dole and his colleagues were children with and playmates of Liliuokalani, nor has nor her loyal subjects could ever understand why she was dethroned by them and left a beggar. It is certain that the natives loved her and trusted her, and that they do so still. They, the great majority, would take no part in hauling down their own flag and in hoisting that of the United States. They can't understand it all, and they are loyal to the ex-queen, who alone can influence them, or persuade them that what has happened is for the best. A single letter or proclamation from her to them telling them that it was all for the best for them and their children, and all opposition would cease. But before she can bring herself around to this hard task she naturally desires some assurances that the government of the United States shall in some small way indemnify her for all she was forced to give up, not for her crown, nor hereditary prestige, but for properties which constituted her living and her entailment. Congress should not huddle over a few thousand dollars, especially in view of the magnificent possession acquired by her overthrow. She no doubt is, in some respects, a coarse woman, not an Anglo-Saxon, or even a Latin, but only the simple head of a race thought to be secure in their insular home, separated from the rest of the world by thousands of miles of water. But being on the great highway between the Orient and the Occident, they have fallen victims to the sweep of the star of empire, she and her people, and the Eagle, for one, favors settlement, an indemnity, not a commensurate one, but such an indemnity as will not leave the former Queen of Hawaii a pauper. Every thousand dollars paid her will go farther towards reconciling her former native subjects and in bringing about amicable relations than ten thousand expended in sustaining garrisons of troops and a naval expedition.

The prosperity of Wichita is a fine reward for ten years of unquestioning faith in the town, held by all its people. There is no doubt of its unexampled prosperity among those who know, and those who doubt will not be long in learning that in the usual dull weeks following the holidays Wichita is going forward by leaps and bounds.

The children of this country, it has been estimated, consume \$4,000,000 worth of toys annually. Great care is taken by the manufacturers that a small puff of wind is enough to destroy the strongest toy made.

There is something pleasant in knowing that it was Jerry Simpson's advocacy of the Fast Mail suitably which partly induced the house of representatives to knock the whole business out flat.

Poor Roberts of Utah, he doesn't know what to do. Bluebeard was in his fix, and in trying to remedy it has passed down in history to be condemned by successive generations.

Professor Lachambre says that he knows Andree is alive and well. Lachambre is a Frenchman, and as the French believe Dreyfus guilty, they are liable to believe anything.

A French physician has discovered that those who sleep with their mouths shut live the longest. This is particularly so if there is a nervous man around with a club.

Choate, the new ambassador to England, is a typical American. Asked who he would like to be if he were not himself, he said, "Mrs. Choate's second husband."

Dick Croker's financial arguments sound a good deal like a five-year-old boy delivering an exhaustive essay on the Rings of Saturn and the Atmosphere of Venus.

A woman seized Shaffer with Hobsonian eagerness the other day and kissed him. The price of civilities in this country ought to come down soon.

The house of representatives have knocked out the Fast Mail humbug. And it was one of the best things the house of representatives ever did.

Imperialism is spreading. The lieutenant-governor of South Carolina wears a robe while presiding. Next, Tom Reed will don a crown.

Miles objected to serving the soldiers embalmed beef, but if Egan had been present he might have had warm tongue on the menu.

Among the officers of our army circles the old marriage rule of never being angry at the same time should be adopted.

There is a destiny which controls our ends, and after a little thought Destiny has decided to give Wichita a building boom.

Rats are always with us. They have left our slang and come back in our hair fashions.

When Secretary Alger and Egan are alone they probably do some significant looking into each other's eyes.

To a man up a plum tree, it begins to look like Matt Quay had lost his job under it.

The Keystone state has certainly arched its back against Quav.

A Roman Father,

Fanny Prosper was a very pretty girl, intelligent and with good manners; but as she was the daughter of a washer-woman, the father, John, who had expressed the most decided opposition to a matrimonial alliance between her and his son, Mr. Felton was a Roman father in every sense of the term, and if he did not have the rights of a father and death that were the prerogative of the ancient sires, he was almost as devoid of parental affection.

Mr. Felton was a business man, and looked at life from a business man's point of view, which is that the weak and unintelligent merely subsist by the kindness of the alert and strong, and are doomed to extermination sooner or later. Money was the representative of value, and as a loud voice is indicative of strong lungs and good vocal organs. His eldest son was a child after his own heart. He took to business like a feather, and was a displayed an unexampled capacity for money that delighted his father's soul. The second son was not far behind, but the third appeared to hold business almost in contempt. He, the father, termed him a "weak sister," and threatened to kick him into the street. He, however, did not go as far as that, but allowed John to "moon" away his time in various innocent and unimportant ways. The marriage project received not the slightest consideration.

"It's a boy's infatuation," he remarked to his wife, and she replied that she would not have a son-in-law who was so "quite impossible."

The Feltons entertained occasionally, and one evening had quite a number of guests to dine with them, men and women in social importance, men and women of less conspicuous position, business men, some artists, and a lion or two of the literary jungle.

The host was properly flattered, and if he was a trifle ostentatious, might he not excuse it by saying that Washington also liked luxury and pomp? A rich man may feel pride in seeing that his pictures, his bric-a-brac, his books, are regarded with interest and respect. When he saw two artists turning over the pages of some facsimiles of water color work by De La Tour, he stole gradually near them, and he said to the one, "The lithographic necessities of the press injure the work," said one.

"It can not be avoided," the plates suggest his style of work very well, however.

"Ah, haw!" said Mr. Felton, breaking in with beaming countenance. "You think them good, valuable? Knock up your hand-work sky high, ah! And to my mind dealer sells pictures over their worth just as they could be turned off so rapidly."

"It is because pictures like these can be turned off by the thousand that the price is low."

The artist shrugged his shoulders.

"It is not a question of what one can do, but what one is paid for. Probably the artist could paint better than he does if he were not paid a mere trifle. Lithographers and engravers adapt themselves to their work. You might offer him \$20,000 for an original painting and see."

Mr. Felton pursed his lips.

"I am not in the least in such a hurry. I might not perceive that it was better than these which only cost \$5 for the set. As I said to my boy, John, when he talked of taking lessons in painting, 'What is the use of that? You can't see. The value of a thing is what it will bring in an open market. What is only appreciated highly by a few is a bad and a folly. The test of shrewdness is to get the value of a thing in an open market.'"

"What did he say?"

"He said this might do as a rule in business, but not in art; but I told him there are tricks in all trades, and the smooth dealer sells pictures over their worth just as any other business man."

"Where is your son now?"

"He's gone into the army. We had a difference of opinion about business methods and he said he'd prefer a military career. I didn't object. I thought he might as well be plugging enemies as loafing around home. I've given up expecting to see him. He's got a military commission, and he's drawing more money from the government than I ever expected he would earn. Then it's his fault, and I wonder if he'll get a pension."

"Does the government pay a pension to a parent if he is in affluent circumstances?"

"It would be mean if it didn't. A man gives his son for his country. The least it can do in return is to compensate him for the sacrifice. I shall make a big kick if he is killed and they try to dispute my claim. I don't want a military pension, but I want to know how much to me as to another? More, for I appreciate its value and know how to use it."

A week afterward the two artists met, and in the course of the conversation that ensued one said:

"That son of Mr. Felton's is dead—died of yellow fever."

"I wonder if his father will get a pension?"

"I think not."

"He ought to. His heart is set on it and he is nearest of kin."

"What do you mean?"

"His son was married to a girl, Miss Fanny Prosper, I understand, on the eve of his departure for the war. As his wife's claim superseded all others, there was an interval of silence. Then one remarked:

"What a shock for the son. To lose his son, his son's pension, and have his wife's claim superseded all others, that is a woman, entrusted upon his family. She'd tear for the Roman father, for he deserves it."—Waverly.

Thousand Dollars for a Night's Sleep.

(From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

A retired Cleveland volunteer tells a good story of a comrade, a wealthy German from Wisconsin, who in a fine spirit of patriotism had enlisted as a private soldier. He proved a good one, but the exacting duties of camp life soon grew to him. The volunteer, who had been a stand guard over an ammunition wagon, was a chilly night and the rain was falling. To and fro he plodded until his patience was exhausted.

"Corporal, of the guard!" he roared.

No attention was paid to him and he called again. Then the Corporal approached him.

"Take my gun," he said, "and watch these varmint little varmints. I want to go and sleep in the barracks."

The Corporal demurred, but the German insisted, and finally the good-natured volunteer, who had been a stand guard over an ammunition wagon, was a chilly night and the rain was falling. To and fro he plodded until his patience was exhausted.

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